

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1863.

CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD DECADE

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in the city of New York, in May last, it was unanimously

improved land against the system of unimproved land in Georgia. The one is a Slave State, and the other is a Free State. "Do we want you to put down such states as these, however easy to break them (laughter). Now, what can England make for the poor slave population of such a future empire, and for her slave population? What canst thou do, what canst thou say, when you sell to them? What machine, what engine, what engine?" (A voice: "We'll sell them ships.") You can sell ships to a few, but what ships can you sell to two-thirds of the population of poor slaves and blacks (applause). A little laughter, and a little more laughter, a few ships and engines, are all that you can sell to the slaves (great applause and groans). There are no more commissioners to be discovered (cheer, cheer). The market of the future must be found now. There is very little hope of any more demand being created by new fields. If you are to have a better market, there must be some kind of process invented to make the old fields better. (A voice: "Tell us something now, about an 'Order,' and interruption.) Let us look at it, then. Tax must civilize the world in order to make a better class of purchasers (cheer, cheer). If you were to press Italy down under the heel of despotism, Italy, encouraged, could raise no tax for supplies from you. But give her liberty, knock schools throughout her valleys, spur her industry, make treaties with her by which she can exchange oil-wells, and has oil, and her silk for your manufactured goods; and for every effort that you make in that direction, there will come back profit to you by increased traffic with her (cheer, cheer). It is Hungary who is to be free and unshackled earliest—it by freedom she will rise in virtue and intelligence, she will acquire a more manufacturing industry, which she will be willing to exchange for your manufactures. Her liberty is to be gained—where? You will find it in the code of liberty, her laws will find it also in the Press Current (cheer, cheer), and every single free nation, every single civilized people, every people that rises from barbarism to industry and intelligence, becomes a better customer. A savage is a man of one story, and that one story a riddle. When the man begins to be civilized, you put on another story. When you Christians and civilized the man, you put on story after story, for you develop faculty after faculty; and you have to supply every story with your productions. The savage is a man one story deep; the civilized man is thirty stories deep (applause). Now, if you go to a lodging house where there are three or four men, one says to them, "we may be all about England." Excuse me, sir, I am the speaker, not you; and it is for me to determine what to say (cheer, cheer). Do you suppose I am going to speak about America, except to convince Englishmen? I am here to talk to you for the sake of ultimately carrying you with us in judgment and in thinking (Oh! Oh!), and as to this logic of calling it a slavery logic—I am used to it. (Applause, hoots, and cheers), and a voice: "Don't lose your temper!"

The Chairman.—If gentleman will only sit down, those who are making the disturbance will get over. My Brother resumed. There are some apparent drawbacks that may suggest themselves. The first is that the interests of England consist in drawing from any country its raw material. (A voice: "We have got over that.") There is an interest, but it is not the interest of England. The interest of England is not merely where to buy her cotton, her wool, her hemp, and her flax. When she has got her fibres into the cotton, and into the linen and flax, and it becomes the product of her looms, a far more important question is, "What can I do with it?" England doesn't want merely to pay prices for that which brute labor produces, but to get a price for that which brain labor produces (cheer, cheer, and applause). Your interest has led you all inadvertent, therefore, if you should bring ever so much cotton from the slave empire (A voice: "You cannot sell back again to the slave empire." (A voice: "Go on with your story, we have all about England.") Excuse me, sir, I am the speaker, not you; and it is for me to determine what to say (cheer, cheer). Do you suppose I am going to speak about America, except to convince Englishmen? I am here to talk to you for the sake of ultimately carrying you with us in judgment and in thinking (Oh! Oh!), and as to this logic of calling it a slavery logic—I am used to it. (Applause, hoots, and cheers), and a voice: "Don't lose your temper!"

PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND.

It is said that the South is fighting for just that independence of which I have been speaking (cheer, cheer). The South is divided on that subject ("No, no"). There are eight millions in the South, and four millions. Four millions are asking for their liberty. ("No, no," hoots, "Yes," applause, and interruption). Four millions are asking for their liberty—(continued interruption and renewed applause). Eight millions are huddled together to prevent it ("No, no," hoots and applause). That is what they asked the world to recognize as a strike for individual (cheer, cheer, and laughter). Eight million white men fighting to prevent the liberty of four million black men, challenging the world (cheer, cheer, applause, and continual interruption). You cannot get over the fact. There it is like iron you cannot stir it (upset). They went out of the Union because slave property "wants" it in. There were two ways of holding slave property in the Union: the one by exerting the direct power of the Government, but that was too hard, and they could not do. The second was to indirect influence. By holding slave territory, you lay the foundation for the final extinction of slavery (applause). If you pass a candle under a tree, it will burn as long as the fresh air lasts; but it will go out as soon as the oxygen is exhausted; and so, if you put slavery into a state where it cannot get more State, it is only a question of time how long it will live. Gentlemen say that the reason why crops will not grow in the same ground to a long time together, is that the roots extract and exclude poison mineral which the plants cannot use, and thus poison the grain. Whether that is true or not, it is certainly true of slavery, for slavery poisons the land on which it grows. Look at the old Slave States, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and even at the newer State of Missouri. What is the condition of slavery in those States? It is not worth one cent, except to breed. It is not worth one cent except as productive energy goes. They cannot make money by their slaves in those States. The first reason is because it is with them a question of political power, and the second, because they breed to sell to the Southern market.

Ladies and gentlemen, no man can prevail the future, or man can tell when revolutions are about to break upon the world; no man can tell what destiny belongs to France, nor to any of the European Powers; but one thing is certain, that in the judgment of the future, there will be revolutions and combinations, and that those nations that are the morally poor, suffering blacks (true? "No, no," you, yes, and interruption). You are the manufacturers much for them (hisses—oh!—no). You have not got machine tools enough (laughter, and applause), and "no, no." Your labor is not skilled by far to manufacture bagging and linen (laughter). (A Southern voice: "Free your own slaves.") Consider that one-third of the white men are the miserably poor, suffering blacks (true? "No, no," you, yes, and interruption). You are the manufacturers much for them (hisses—oh!—no). You have not got machine tools enough (laughter, and applause), and "no, no." 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For the Liberator.

WAIT.

BY ALICEA REED.

Wait—the slow for the meeting
Walls a century slow-paced years,
Ever greenly, greenly growing.
Though so promising—
Wait—our angry bar repining
Should scarce be silent now—
Wait, as stars wait, calmly shining
Over midnight's darkens frown—
Do more than the setting stars?
To stand—stand the mountain's brow?
Does the tall, the first rock, above?
Honor, mountain, rock, art thou?
If thy heart is pure and holy,
If thy thought is high and high;
Wait—soothingly, if slowly,
Mist, about, both shall pass thee by.
The great world regards thy singing?
Works in the heart of home?
Sleep and smile, and voice still bring
Hope and cheer where they meet.
Drowned thy words in the storm
Where impulsive passions strive?
There will come a day wherein—
Lies there then all men alive?
Wait—The steps of all thy beings
There are neither friends still—
Wait the word of the All-seeing.
Awake but to know its will.
Boston, October, 1862.

THE ORGIES OF SECESSION.

BY MULTRAY BROWN.

The demons have met on Columbia's soil,
With slavery's banner unfurled;
By perfidy, treachery, sarcasm and spite
To tarnish the fame of the world.
The last they have forced with bullet and steel,
The tomb with piracy's lead.
The midnight has glared with their banners from hell,
And dyed with the gleam of their steel!

On the day of rebellion we grieve with disgust,
As it lays over the prostrate's pool—
The banner of treachery, arms and lust,
Enslaving the slaves and the lost.

The demons have brought to Columbia's shores
The vices of the masters' bed;
And hell from its depths the multitude pours
Which gull has sent down to the dead.
They swear in the hells which rebellion has raised,
Where the poison toads—plant grows.
And Satan observes his legions armed,
As they mingle with liberty's foes.

On the day of rebellion we grieve with disgust,
As it lays over the prostrate's pool—
The banner of treachery, arms and lust,
Enslaving the slaves and the lost.

The darkness of darkness envelopes the field
Where the shield of treachery rears,
But soon to the morning that midnights shall yield,
And daylight unshades the scene.

The national flag, with its red, white and blue,
And a galaxy lighting its folds,

Shall then that the Genius of Freedom is true
To the faith and the creed which she holds.

On the day of rebellion we grieve with disgust,
As it lays over the prostrate's pool—
The banner of treachery, arms and lust,
Enslaving the slaves and the lost.

—N. Y. Evening Post, Oct. 18, 1862.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart;
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the loved past,
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;

The things we loved because we knew them best;

The first-loved persons in our path;

The cushion's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The many marmalades around our home;

The treasures in the summer woods and lawns;

The story old Uncle told the winter fire;

White the wild roses across the window pane;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;

The many risings of our young romance;

The sunny books, the fountains and the flowers,

Gilding the fairy landscape of our brains;

The link which bound us fast still to one

Who fills a corner in our life's history;

Whom we love as we do not dream how dark

The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrilled our soul with very joy;

The gentle wind that whispered name;

The gift we prize, because the thought was kind;

The thousand, thousand things that have no name;

All these in some dark corner lie.

Within the mystery of that secret drawer,

Where magic springs, through strange strands may break,

Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

BY HENRY W. LOWELL.

Leave with what rest we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the bier,
At the threshold, near the gates;

With its name or its prayer,
Like a sentinel it waits.

Waits, and will not go away—

Waits, and will not be betrayed.

By the bars of yesterday

Each today is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems—

Overing that our strength can bear—

As the burden of our dreams,

Pressing on us everywhere!

And we stand thus day to day,

Like the dwarfs of those gone by,

Who, as nothers legends say,

On their shoulders held the sky.

—Adams Monthly No. 1.

OUTDOOR SONG.

The leaves shiver through the clover red,
And the woodland leaves are red, my dear,
And the maple's feathers burn in the wind.—

—Festive themes for the Year.—

The Year which has brought us so much woe,

That it was not for you, my love,

I would wish the calendar. We might have

For us as well as the Year!

T. B. ALDRICH.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

The robin sings in the trees;

The titmouse flits about;

And the sparrow, with great brown eyes;

And the dragonfly, with blue wings.

They live in the forest land,

The who-looks-think things,

But they never understand a word

W. D. HOWELL.

The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. FELTON,

Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER V.

FINDING A FATHER.

Mr. Nelson had been North, settling the estate of his brother Robert; and while there, became much interested in his ward Leila, the half-sister of his deceased relative. Doubly an orphan and very delicate, she was the more easily yielded to his persuasions, and consented to spend a year or two at the South.

Although Frank was not wanting in beauty of face and figure, yet it was not of that gorgeous description that takes captive at first sight. Heating in manner, it was when the higher beauty of the mind shone through the fair casket, that an artist would gaze to gain and study. Expressive, the impress of a mind having affinity with all things beautiful and true, and a quick, loving, susceptible nature, lighting up the features like a divine radiance, and seeming to animate the form, with a life higher than the earthly—it was this that made her surprisingly lovely.

She had been carefully trained by the best teachers, and early developed qualities of intellect and heart that gave promise of rare fruitage. Her presence was cheerful as the light. On a stratum of good common sense and solid requirements, there was built up a home for the fine arts, and a proficiency in various graceful accomplishments. Music was a passion with her, and her accordant soul kept pace with its varying strains, were they joyful or sad. Her carriage was easy and graceful, and she floated noiselessly about, her fair face and neck set in coils of soft silk hair, golden hair, she seemed like an angel that like the self-conscious fashionable young ladies one is accustomed to meet.

Mr. Nelson sketched a glowing picture of the society to which she would be introduced South, and of the pleasure she would find in forming the acquaintance of the accomplished Miss Forsythe. He had the faculty, to an eminent degree, of arranging his views in a plausible garb; and the contrasts he drew between the social condition, North and South, were quite taking to one as artless and confounding. Not that he intentionally misstated the question, but this was one of those minds that easily befools itself into believing that which it wishes to believe; and as he was a Virginian by birth, and a slaveholder in fact, he had come to think the Old Dominion the garden of the world, and its peculiar institution much better than the equality that characterized New England.

"Our society is choice," said he, "we keep up the just distinctions, while here in Boston, it seems to me people are measureably on a level. Bless me! I don't see but the middle and the lower classes dress as well as the first class, and carry themselves as they acknowledge no superiors. I cannot, for the life of me, make out by their dress or manners who are the aristocracy. One needs to have the upper class *labelled* to know it, like the painter who appended to his picture, 'This is a cow,' for people might mistake it for some other animal. How odious! One may associate with the common people, and not know it. Tradesmen and mechanics! but don't they carry themselves like the swallows people? No, miss Leila, I must show you a more fitting state of things."

"But I have been very happy here," said Leila, with deepening color, "and it has seemed to me that the distinctions in society were sufficiently marked." "All very natural," replied the Virginian, "but, bless me, our society here is a mockery—marrying and intermarrying, aristocracy with the common, and even the lowest. Then, who cares for the old families—the distinction of high birth which we worship South? We make it a study to keep up the old princely families. I only wish the law of primogeniture were in force, and patrilineal descent to the last. As a dining-room servant he could not be surpassed; and, moreover, he was an eminent *valet-de-chambre*, or body-servant, in which capacity he had accompanied his master to Richmond for several years. Observing and imitative, attendant on the best circles, the susceptible slave received a polish of manners that would, in a different position in the social scale, have distinguished him, but which in his unhappy condition often ended in farce."

"That must be a great comfort to you," observed Leila, abstractedly.

"It is, indeed," was the reply, "and it has conducted a little to my happiness; particularly as there is so much stored away as relics to interest the antiquarian, and reflect honor on our name. We have specimens of the dress of successive generations since the time of the chevaliers and Captain Smith."

Languishing connected with his self-admiration was his inordinate desire to be "like folks," that is, like the dominant race. Whether this was constitutional—the white blood in his veins being in the ascendancy, and characteristically seeking to keep under the black—cannot say; certain it is that Frank was conscientiously tormented with the endeavor to pass for more of a Saxon than was exactly true to nature—at least, the African tinge was quite despised. It took its revenge, however, in the hair, giving it enough of the negro twist to mark its presence and power. And this was Frank's great affliction—amounting almost to monomania.

In vain he coaxed and cajoled his crispy locks, in vain he oiled his pate, and as the servants testified suspended lesser weights from his hair, the coils were incorrigible—they would not straighten—minority often ended in farce."

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"Yes, but we also have other memorials of the ancient times, which keep alive our interest and reverence for the noble past; and, Miss Leila, how much it must accord with your fine taste to dwell with the insignia of an honorable race—its blood uncorntaminated with vulgar alliances even meeting your gaze!"

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The looked-for time had come, and as the gauze came down in the river in the night boat, they were expected to arrive at a late ten o'clock breakfast. Parson, the assistant cook, was on the bread and dessert department. The meat, consequently, was mainly of his preparing. The large sausages and small; the Indian sausages and sausages, such perfect to the kind; the golden, fat batter; the clear honey; the dish of oysters; the delicate slices of cold bacon; the fragrant odor of "the savory of mussels," and the facilities arrangement of the table, promised well for the greeting.

But what's the matter with Frank? Two hours earlier than his wont, he had been up and at work, restlessly gliding about, putting on finishing touches. Now his arms move briskly, as we see now the master, whiskers and the marble bierth, furnishes the brasses, pillars the side-board. Aan, he fills with lead-waste.

Plaster and Billy had quite a toidy time riding down to the river, having the carriage-box all to themselves. They chatted away about the politics of the plantation—the good land that laid up overseer Ratty, and gave the people a respite—and, lastly, gossiped about the house-servants.

Plaster owed Frank a grudge for his gentry, and he went on—"They do say dat is Frank's gentry, mighty 'stavagous. Do you know out his be'ath is markable?"

"I makes no admiration he does!" said Billy.

"I can't connecces him no ways," added Plaster, pomponately, "why, he wanted to ride down to meet Massa." I jest side o' march on him, so 'take French leave afore he knowed it. I reckon he stay where he belong, drasin', and scrubbin', an' clarin' up!" Why, hi can't "courage the lazy dog—he want to run gungen!"

"Good mornin' massa Nelson comin' home—he straight'en him!"

What little Frank overheard was certainly no good of himself, but he was too much taken up with his pleasure to care; and instinctively, as the moon neared the river, he got off, and as Plaster drew up at the landing, he suddenly made his appearance, with an air of triumph.

"Why, hit!" said Plaster, "you here? I makes sure you rain down! Now you find yourself after your long walk? I jest obserbin' to Billy, here, Isha sorry I could'nt commode you to ride. Yo see I most durst him like, I could'n wait."

"Won't me be surprised?" asked Frank, busy with his own thoughts.

"O, you go long, Frank, you nigger!" said Billy, "I rubbin', a thousand times, is black dan' half-way—nester one ting do me deader—de fence like. All nigger right smart better dan part white—des spite the blood—no tellin' what you belong."

But Frank walked to and fro until the boat was ready to cross the river, conning his little speech in complete independence.